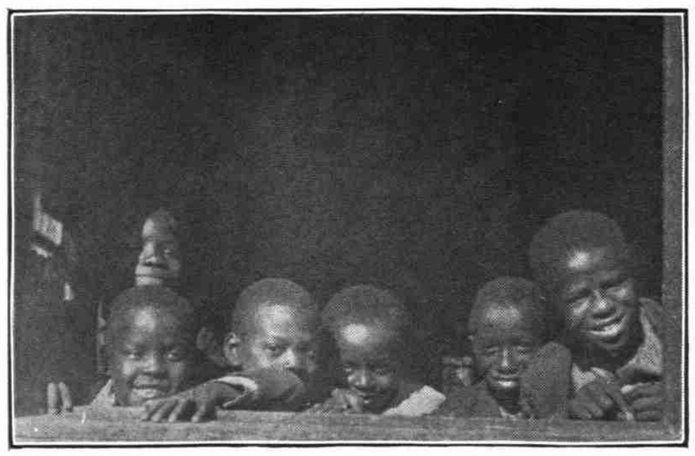
all must consider in facing this problem, and one is this: That the success of any self-governing nation must depend upon the intelligence of its constitutency.

And a second fundamental truth, just as self-evident and perhaps just as trite, is that we cannot have popular government without popular education.

The greatest need of America to-day is an enlightened, conscientious citizenship, a citizenship which shall consist of Christian education and Christian patriotism; for an education less than Christian is not sufficient for depressed peoples, and a patriotism which is less than Christian is neither sufficient nor safe in a self-governing nation, as we have seen three times to our cost during the last half century.

But after all has been said and done; after the lowest estimate has been placed on the Negro character which is possible for his



A DARK OUTLOOK

worst enemies to emphasize, I am constantly reminded of an experience down in the Great Smoky Mountains.

I called one day at one of the little mountain cabins. A woman had just finished washing in the branch; her clothes were hanging up on the line over the open fire in the house. It was raining and she was getting the clothes dry in order to carry them to the hotel, two or three miles away. So she must dry them in the one room of the little cabin, already occupied by a large family of children.

I said to her, " I should think the children would get cold with those wet clothes hanging there."

And in the ruminative, hopeless way of the mountain people she replied, " I reckin they do, but what you goin' to do 'bout it? "

She brought in an armful of wet clothes from the branch where she had been washing, and because she had no basket and no tub she laid them down on the bed, preparatory to hanging them on the line over the fire.

I said, " I should think the bed would get damp, if you lay the wet clothes down there, and the children would get cold."

" What are You Going to Do about It? "

Again came the meditative, hopeless answer, " I reckin they will, but what you goin' to do 'bout it? "

Then it began to rain and the water trickling through the leaking roof was soon evident in puddles on the floor. The woman got up slowly, with great deliberation, and rolled up her straw bed into a huge cylinder, putting it into the driest corner.

I said, " What did you do that for? "

" I didn't want to get it wet," she replied.

" Supposing it rains in the night," I suggested.

" I get up and roll up my bed."

" I should think that would be a great deal of trouble," I added.

" Yes," she said, in the same slow, meditative way, " but it ain't nearly so much bother as it would be if I let it get wet and it took two or three days to dry it out."

Then, because I did not know anything better to say, I used again my oft-repeated expression, " I should think that would be a great deal of trouble."

" Yes," she said, with an air of finality; " I reckin it is, but what you goin' to do 'bout it? "

When I face the various objections which are made to the education of the Negro; when I face the various criticisms which are made in regard to his character, in regard to his shiftlessness, his lack of gratitude, his lack of morality, and all the thousand and one charges which are made against him, I think over and over again of the woman down in the Great Smoky Mountains, " I reckin it is, but what you goin' to do 'bout it? " He is here, we brought him here, we are responsible for his being here, he is here to stay; the problem must be solved right here in this country. Slavery was a national sin; it required a national expiation; it requires a national restitution; and the Negro problem can only be solved by those agencies which are fundamental, in the schools of the various religious denominations, the farm, the shop, the school, the church, the home — and over them all, the Stars and Stripes.